

# In Recital

**Margaret Romao, soprano**

assisted by

**Esther Chu, piano**

**Thursday, March 10, 1994 at 5:00 pm**

**Convocation Hall, Arts Building**



Department of Music  
University of Alberta





## **Program**

Meinem Hirten Bleib ich treu  
Lobgesang

Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)

Per la gloria d'adorarvi

Giovanni Battista Bononcini  
(1672-1750)

Pur dicesti, o bocca bella

Antonio Lotti  
(1667-1740)

Alma del Core

Antonio Caldara  
(1670-1736)

Ständchen  
Die Forelle  
An die Musik

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

## **Intermission**

The trees they grow so high  
O Waly, Waly

Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

The Secrets of the Old  
Sure on this Shining Night

Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

I'll give my Love an Apple  
She's like the Swallow

Godfrey Ridout  
(1918-1984)

Mein Herr Marquis

Johann Strauss  
(1825-1899)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree  
for Ms Romao.



## Texts and Translations

### Meinem Hirten Bleib ich treu

Meinem Hirten bleib ich treu,  
Meinem Hirten bleib ich treu.  
will er mir den kreuzkelch Füllen,  
ruh ich banz in Seinem Willen,  
er steht mir im Leiden bei.

Es wird den noch nach dem Weinen  
Jesu Sonne wieder scheinen,  
Jesu Sonne wieder scheinen.  
Meinem Hirten bleib ich treu!

Meinem Hirten bleib ich treu,  
Meinem Hirten bleib ich treu!  
Jesu leb ich, der wird walten,  
Freu dich, herz, du Sollst er kalten,  
Freu dich Herz, du solls er kalten

Jesu hat genug getan.  
Amen, Amen, Amen, Vater, nimm mich an!

### Lobgesang

Dir, dir Jehova, will ich singen!  
denn wo ist doch ein solcher Gott, wie du?  
dir will ich meine Liederbringen,  
ach! gib mir deines Geistes Kraft dazu,  
daß ich es tu im Namen Jesu Christ,  
so wie es dir durch ihn gefällig ist.

Zeuch mich, o Vater, zu dem Sohne,  
damit dein Sohn mich wieder zieh zudir!  
dein Geist in meinem Herzen wohne  
und meine Sinnen und Verstand regier,  
daß ich den frieden Gottes schmeck und Fühl  
und dir dar ob im Herzen sing und spiel.

### Per la gloria d'adorarvi

Per la gloria d'adorarvi.  
voglia amarvi o luci care.  
Amando penerò,  
ma sempre v'amerò  
si, si nel mio penare,  
penerò, v'amerò, luci care.

Senza speme dilleto,  
vano affetto è sospirare,  
ma i vostri dolci rai,  
chi vagheggiar può mai,  
e non, e non vàmare?  
penerò, v'amerò, luci care!

My shepherd remain I faithful,  
My shepherd remain I faithful.  
Should he allow the evil to come my way,  
rest I completely in his will,  
he stands by me in my pain and suffering.

It will, nevertheless, after the tears  
Jesus' sun again shines,  
Jesus' sun again shines.  
My shepherd remain I faithful!

My shepherd remain I faithful,  
My shepherd remain I faithful!  
Jesus, live I, he will remain constant,  
Rejoice, O heart, you will grow cold  
Rejoice, O heart, you will grow cold

Jesus has enough done.  
Amen, Amen, Amen, Father, accept me as I am.

You, you Jehova I will sing!  
For where is yet such a God as you?  
You will I my songs bring,  
ah! give me your spirit's strength,  
that I will do in the name of Jesus Christ,  
So as it you through him pleases.

Draw me, O Father to the Son,  
so that your son me again will draw to you!  
Your spirit in my heart live  
and my mind and intelligence rule,  
that I taste and feel the peace of God  
and for you therefore in my heart sing and pray.

For the love my heart doth prize,  
O charmful eyes I would adore ye.  
For me, my love is pain,  
I know 'tis all in vain  
vain, vain, Yet kneel before ye,  
Love is pain, all in vain, I implore ye.

Hopeless 'tis to look for Kindness,  
foolish fondness with sighs t'implore ye,  
But who-e'er might woo your gaze,  
Bask in your sunny rays,  
and not, and not adore ye?  
Love is pain, all in vain, I implore ye.



Pur dicesti, o bocca bella  
Pur dicesti, o bocca, bocca bella,  
quel soave e caro sì,  
che Fa tutto il mio piacer.

Per onor di sua Facella  
con un bacio Amor t'apri  
dolce fonte del goder.

#### Alma del Core

Alma del core, spinto dell' alma,  
sempre costante t'adorerò  
Sarò contento,  
nel mio tormento,  
se quel bel labro baciare potrò

#### Stänchen

Leise flehen meine Lieder  
durch die Nacht zu dir;  
In den stillen Hain hernieder,  
Liebchen, komm zu mir!  
Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen  
in des Mondes Licht;  
des Verräters Feindlich Lauschen  
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?  
ach! sie flehen dich,  
mit der Töne süßen Klagen  
Flehen sie für mich.  
Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,  
Kennen Liebes schmerz.  
rühren mit den Silbertönen  
jedes weiche Herz.

Laß auch dir die Brust bewegen  
Liebchen, höre mich!  
bebend harr ich dir entgegen!  
Komm, beglücke mich!

#### Die Forelle

In einem Bächlein helle,  
da schoß in froher Eil,  
die launische forelle  
vorüber wie ein Pfeil.  
Ich stand an dem Gestade,  
und sah in süßer Ruh  
des muntern Fishleins Bade  
im Klaren Bächlein zu.

Mouth so charming, O tell me now, O tell me,  
Why thy sweetness lures me so,  
That in thee all bliss is mine.

E'en thy charms to vow compel me  
Cupid ope'd thee with a kiss,  
Thou sweet fount of joy divine.

Fairest adored, Spirit of beauty!  
Thy faithful lover I'll ever be  
This boon I ask thee,  
That thou wilt grant me,  
Thy lips adored once more to kiss.

Gently imploring go my songs  
through the night to you;  
down into the quiet wood,  
beloved, come to me.  
Slender treetops stir and whisper  
in the moon's light;  
of any betrayer, hostile, listening,  
have no fear, my love.

Can you hear the nightingales call?  
Ah! You they are imploring  
with those sweet lamenting notes,  
imploring you for me.  
They understand the heart's longing,  
Know the agony of love,  
move with their silvery notes,  
every tender heart.

Let your heart, too, be move,  
beloved, listed to me,  
trembling, I await you,  
come, make my happiness!

In a clear brooklet,  
in a lively haste,  
the wayward trout  
Flashed arrow-like by.  
Standing on the bank,  
contentedly I watched  
the jolly little fish  
swimming the clear brook.



**Die Forelle (continued)**

Ein Fischer mit der Rute  
wohl an dem Uferstand,  
und sah's mit kaltem Blute,  
wie sich das Fischlein wand.  
So lang dem wasser Helle,  
so dacht ich, nicht gebricht,  
so fängt er die Forelle  
mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe  
die Zeit zu lang.  
Er macht das Bächlein tückisch trübe,  
und eh ich es gedacht,  
so zuckte Seine Rute  
das Fischlein, das Fischlein zappelt dran,  
und ich mit regem Blute  
sah die Betrogne an.

**An die Musik**

Du holde Kunst,  
in wieviel grauen Stunden,  
wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,  
hast du mein Herz  
zu warmer Lieb entzunden,  
hast mich in eine Beßrer Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer,  
deiner Harf entflossen,  
ein süßer heiliger Akkord von dir  
den Himmel beßrer  
Zeiten mir erschlossen,  
du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür,  
du holde Kunst, ich danke dir!

**The trees they grow so high**

The trees they grow so high and the leaves  
they do grow green,  
And many cold winter's night my love and I have seen.  
Of a cold winter's night, my love, you and I  
alone have been.  
Whilst my bonny boy is young, he's a growing.  
Growing, growing, Whilst my bonny boy is young  
he's a growing...

O Father, dearest Father, you've done to me great wrong.  
You've tied me to a boy...when you know he is too young.  
O daughter, dearest daughter, if you wait a little while,  
A lady you shall be while he's growing.  
Growing, growing, a lady you shall be  
while he's growing...

An angler with rod,  
stood on the bank,  
cold-bloodedly noting  
the fish's twists and turns.  
As long as the water  
remains so clear, I thought,  
he'll never take the trout  
with his rod.

But at last the thief  
tired of waiting. Artfully  
he muddied the brooklet  
and the next moment,  
a flick of the rod,  
and there writhed the fish;  
and I, with blood boiling,  
looked at the deceived one.

O Kindly Art,  
in how many a grey hour  
when I am caught in life's unruly round,  
have you fired my heart  
with ardent love  
and borne me to a better world!

Often has a sigh  
from you harp,  
a chord, sweet and holy, from you,  
opened for me a heaven  
of better times;  
O Kindly Art, for that I thank you!  
O Kindly Art, for that I thank you!



The tress they grow so high (continued)

I'll send your love to college all for a year or two...

And then in the meantime he will do for you;

I'll buy him white ribbons, tie them

round his bonny waist...

To let the ladies know that he's married

Married, married, to let the ladies know that he's married.

I went up to the college and I looked over the wall,

Saw four and twenty gentleman playing at bat and ball.

I called for my true love, but they would not let him come,

All because he was a young boy and growing.

Growing, growing, all because he was a young boy

and growing.

At the age of sixteen, he was a married man...

And at the age of seventeen he was father to a son

And at the age of eighteen the grass grew over him,

Cruel death soon put an end to his growing,

Growing, growing, cruel death soon put an end

to his growing.

And now my love is dead and in his grave doth lie

The green grass grow o'er him so very, very high.

I'll sit and I'll mourn his fate until the day I die,

And I'll watch all o'er his child while he's growing.

Growing, growing and I'll watch all o'er his child while

he's growing.

O Waly, Waly

The water is wide I cannot get o'er,

and neither have I wings to fly.

Give me a boat that will carry two,

and both shall row, my love and I.

O down in the meadows the other day,

A gath'ring flowers both fine and gay,

A gath'ring flowers both red and blue

I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against some oak

thinking that he was a trusty tree;

But first he bended, and then he broke;

and so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,

She's loaded deep as deep can be,

But not so deep as the love I'm in:

I know not if I sink or swim.

O, love is handsome and love is fine,

and love's a jewel while it is new,

But when it is old, it groweth cold,

and Fades away like morning dew.

The Secrets of the Old

I have old women's secrets now

That had those of the young;

Madge tells me what I dared not think

When my blood was strong,

And what had drowned a lover once

Sounds like an old song.

Though Marg'ry is stricken dumb

If thrown in Madge's way

We three make up a solitude;

For none alive today can know the stories that we know

Or say the things we say:

How such a man pleased women most

Of all that are gone,

How such a pair loved many years

And such a pair but one,

Stories of the bed of straw

Or the bed of down.

Sure on this shining night

Sure on this shining night

Of star-made shadows round,

Kindness must watch for me

This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.

All is healed, all is health.

High summer holds the earth.

Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night

I weep for wonder

Wand'ring for alone

Of shadows on the stars.

I'll give my love an apple

I'll give my love an apple without any core;

I'll give my love a dwelling without any door;

I'll give my love a palace wherein she might be,

That she might unlock it without any key.

How can there be an apple without any core?

How can there be a dwelling without any door?

How can there be a palace wherein she might be,

That might unlock it without any key?

My head is an apple without any core:

My mind is a dwelling without any door:

My heart is a palace wherein she might be,

That she might unlock it without any key.



She's like the swallow  
She's like the swallow that flies so high,  
She's like the river that never runs dry,  
She's like the sunshine on the lee shore,  
I love my love and love is no more.

'Twas out in the garden this fair maid did go,  
A picking the beautiful primrose;  
The more she plucked the more she pulled  
Until she got her apron full.

It's out of those roses she made a bed,  
A stony pillow for her head.  
She laid her down, no word she spoke  
Until this fair maid's heart was broke.

She's like the swallow that flies so high,  
She's like the river that never runs dry,  
She's like the sunshine on the lee shore,  
I love my love and love is no more.

### Mein Herr Marquis

Mein Her Marquis, ein Mann wie Sie  
sollt besser das verstehn,  
darum rate ich, ja genauer sich  
die Leute anzusehen!  
Die Hand ist doch wohlgar zu Fein, ah,  
dies Füßchen, sozierlich und klein, ah,  
die Sprache, die ich Führe,  
die Taille, die Tournüre  
der gleichen Finden Sie bein einer Zofe nie!  
Gestehen müssen Sie fürwahr  
sehr komisch dieser Irrtum war!

#### *chorus:*

Ja sehr komisch, ha ha ha,  
ist die Sache, ha ha ha,  
drum zerzeihn Sie, ha ha ha  
wenn ich lache, ha ha ha ha ha  
—sehr komisch, Herr Marquis, sind Sie!

Mit dem Profil im griech'schem Stil  
beschenkte mich Natur.  
Wenn nicht dies Gesicht schon genügend spricht,  
so sehn sie die Figur!  
Schaun durch die Lorgnette Sie dann, ah.  
Sich diese Toilette nur an, ah,  
mir scheintwohl, die Liebe  
macht ihre Augen trübe,  
der schönen Zofe Bild hat ganz Ihr Herz erfüllt!  
Nun sehen Sie sie überall  
sehr komisch ist fürwahr der Fall!

*(repeat chorus)*

My dear Marquis, a man like you  
ought to know better than that  
and let me therefore advise you  
to look at people a little more closely  
My hand is surely too tiny to behold  
My foot too small and too graceful  
my speck so refined  
my dainty waist and elegant figure  
You'll never find a ladies maid who has these things  
You really must admit that your mistake  
was a very funny one indeed

#### *chorus:*

Yes very funny indeed ha—  
Is the matter ha—  
so forgive me ha—  
if I have to laugh ha—  
very funny, Herr Marquis are you!

With this profile of Grecian style  
by Nature I was endowed  
But if my face alone is not evidence enough,  
Please look at my figure  
Then thru your lornette kindly  
examine the way I dress  
I honestly believe love  
had blurred your sight  
The vision of that fair lady's maid  
holds your heart enthralled  
So now you see her everywhere  
truly a very funny thing to happen.